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The Shape of Things

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THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN TO WASHINGTON at least threw the gears in and started various wheels moving. But this is not to imply that the government machine knows where it is going. Never during the Roosevelt regime have so many obstacles blocked the road. There seems, for example, to be no detour around the immovable bulk of the Supreme Court steam-roller stalled directly in the middle of the right of way. Until that gets into motion little else can, though the legislative traffic is backed up for miles. Except for relief, few bills of any importance are scheduled for early action. A new farm-relief measure providing for production control to support the "ever-normal" granary principle and for automatic tariff adjustments to prevent extreme price fluctuations is being introduced with backing from the Administration and from influential farm organizations. But in these days not even such auspicious omens insure adoption. The same may be said of several new labor measures, now in committee and supposed to have Presidential support. Mr. Roosevelt insists that he will push his whole program of federal action to raise social standards, but his mere say-so no longer creates the fact.

*

WHATEVER ITS LEGAL JUSTIFICATION THE Supreme Court decision on the Louisiana chain-store tax will have enormous social effects which the liberal majority must surely have contemplated. In upholding the right of a state to tax chains on the basis of their total number of stores—including those outside the state—the court may well have doomed the national chains. The social value of such an outcome is highly debatable and will be discussed here at greater length next week.

*

THE MAKE-UP OF THE NEW SPANISH CABINET headed by Dr. Juan Negrin is significant for several reasons. Largo Caballero, who is widely known abroad as the "Spanish Lenin," has no place in it; and the name of Julio Alvarez del Vayo, formerly War Minister, is also missing. The Anarcho-Syndicalists, who had four posts in the preceding ministry, have been left out of the present one "after refusal to participate." The new ministry is parliamentary in character, and the number of portfolios has been reduced from nineteen to nine. What is most important, Indalecio Prieto, right Socialist, who is often considered Caballero's rival for party leader-

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ship, has taken over the posts of War, Air, and Marine. It is known that Caballero wished to concentrate these three posts in his own hands, which would have had the effect of eliminating Prieto from the Cabinet. Instead Prieto has emerged as the dominant figure. It would be unfortunate, however, if the government should lose the services of the ex-Premier, who despite his age is able and popular. And it would be disastrous to drive him into opposition.

*

DR. NEGRIN, A CLOSE FRIEND OF PRIETO, IS himself a man of great force—vivacious, energetic, and highly cultured. As Minister of Finance he controlled the Carabineros, who together with the Communists suppressed the recent Anarchist-Trotskyite flare-up in Barcelona. The Carabineros are a special frontier force of carefully selected Socialists. In the past the Communists have been very modest in claiming posts for their party—they held only two minor places in Caballero's Cabinet—and have refrained from criticizing too harshly the Anarchists' indiscipline at the front and in the rear. But the alliance of the irreconcilable Anarchists with the Trotskyites, together with recent indications that the Anarchists are not as powerful as they were reputed to be, has led the Communists to demand a different set-up. They want a government that will not only pursue the war with greater vigor, but be less tolerant toward minorities which refuse to cooperate with the Popular Front. Negrin is an acceptable choice.

*

DESPITE STRONG ITALIAN AND GERMAN reinforcements and the support of a tremendous air fleet and motorized equipment, Franco has not been able to take Bilbao after three weeks' effort. Bilbao is hungry, overcrowded, badly organized, poorly supplied with arms, and has no airplanes. Yet it can resist. There are two reasons, and they have operated against the rebels ever since the civil war started. First, Franco's man power is very limited, whereas the Loyalists can make up in quantity what they lack in quality. Second, the population of newly acquired territory is hostile, and that applies especially to the Basque Catholics, who do not trust the Catholicism of Franco's Moors and Nazis. Bilbao could easily be saved in the eleventh hour if the Basques received fifty airplanes. We learn that these airplanes are already in Bilbao but cannot fly owing to the absence of an adequate airdrome. Reinforcements from Asturias and Santander may be able to hold Franco until the field is prepared. Other fronts seem to be quiet but are not. The daily reports of the official Agence Espagne show that the slaughter continues and that on the Madrid, Guadalajara, and Cordoba fronts the government is pushing back the enemy meter by meter. The encirclement of the rebels in University City apparently determined one section of them to surrender. The other section forthwith attacked the first, while the Loyalists watched with pleasure. It is only a matter of time before this wedge into Madrid will be expelled. Meanwhile there is documentary proof from prisoners that Germany and Italy sent men into Spain after the new patrol system was introduced. But what is another scrap of paper in a full wastepaper basket?

*

THE CURRENT SOVIET CAMPAIGN AGAINST graft, bureaucracy, and "Trotskyism" has culminated in the arrest of four high officials of the Central Trade Union Council. It is charged that through carelessness, inefficiency, and favoritism millions of rubles of the workers' funds, supposedly designed for social insurance, were either frittered away on worthless projects or diverted to anti-social purposes. The shake-up among the trade-union executives follows closely on the heels of the demotion of Marshal Tukhachevsky, who was mentioned in the January trials, and the arrest of Tumanov, a former director of the Prombank, who is accused of having diverted Soviet funds for the use of foreign Trotskyists. Press attacks have also been directed against a group of writers who are charged with having been associated with Yagoda, the former GPU leader who is now in prison charged with wholesale misappropriation of funds. That the periodic "cleanings" which are so characteristic of Soviet life are often subject to grave abuse is indicated in Vishinsky's warning against "unjustified charges of sabotage." While these "cleanings" are undoubtedly valuable in ridding the country of incompetent or dishonest officials, they are frequently carried so far that they make conscientious and able officials afraid to take responsibility lest they be charged with wrecking. Through its paralyzing effect on economic life, the purge may prove more detrimental than the evils it seeks to correct.

*

RENEWAL OF ANTI-JEWISH RIOTS IN POLAND, in which fifty-three persons were injured in a few days' time, has again fixed attention on the desperate plight of the three million Jews in that country. Although the Polish Jews have long suffered harsh discrimination and lived under unbelievable conditions of poverty, they have only recently been made the object of a systematic terror comparable to that in Nazi Germany. Jews are barred from many important sectors of Polish economic life. They are forbidden to bid for government, municipal, or army orders; Jewish workers have been excluded from the government tobacco, salt, and match monopolies; Jewish students are rapidly being driven out of the universities; and the proportion of Jews in state employment has fallen to less than 1 per cent. Where official discrimination does not exist, Polish nationalists have taken the law into their own hands. Market stalls belonging to Jews have repeatedly been destroyed, hundreds of shops have been wrecked, and Jews have been forcefully ejected from cafes and restaurants. While the government has officially attempted to check the riots and pogroms which have brought death to hundreds within the past few years, its efforts have had little effect because of its general anti-Semitic bias.

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THOSE INTERESTED IN THE UNGENTLE ART of getting and staying rich will follow with interest the efforts of the government to collect back taxes aggregating $1,800,000 from Pierre S. du Pont and John J. Raskob. Mr. du Pont, it appears, had foresight enough to get out of the stock market early in 1929 with a profit of some $35,000,000. After the crash he and Mr. Raskob initiated a series of gross sales aggregating some $30,000,000 which ended, sometime in 1930, with each having exactly the same stock he originally held but together able to show a combined loss of $7,500,000, which they deducted from their 1929 income-tax returns. Although the market value of the stocks had changed materially between sales, enough to throw out the balance between the two by $700,000 at one time, the transactions ended with their respective shares only $46 short of a perfect balance. This, the defense claims, was accidental, since the complicated sales were wholly unconnected and the prices were not manipulated. The government, the defense holds further, is betraying an avarice definitely shocking to the gentlemen traders.

*

THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR SPANISH Relief has suffered important defections, but Michael Williams still stands firm for civilization according to Franco. In his honor, and in the hope of alienating all decent Catholics from his relief project, we print here the caption of a photograph reproduced in a French pamphlet on the destruction of Durango, sister city of Guernica. "The priest Melilla," it reads, "was struck at the altar as he celebrated mass. He was found clad in his sacred vestments, killed by a bomb." The photograph, which is even more vivid than its caption, was taken after the fascist angels had spread their wings over the second "martyred city" of the Basques. The Tale of Guernica, as its context is revealed, becomes ever more terrible. The Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* reports that on April 22—three days before the massacre —a dispatch appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in which the system of demoralizing the unprotected "reds" by bombing them first and then firing down on them with machine-guns was described in every detail. It was obvious, said the *Guardian's* correspondent, that the author of the dispatch had been in contact with the German air authorities in the north of Spain; and the diary of the captured Nazi aviator which recorded that rebel fliers had orders to "shoot everything that moved" is one more evidence of the thoroughness with which the *Zeitung's* "system" was applied in Guernica. We may be sure that the flames of Guernica will not soon die down. They have already destroyed Franco's pretensions of "saving" Spain. When will they get too hot for a committee which calls itself American?

*

THE NEWS FROM PARIS OF H. DE KERILLIS'S resignation as leader writer of the *Echo de Paris,* together with that of the editor and a large part of the staff, is an indication of the troubles that have lately beset the rightist press. Since the passage of Blum's press-reform laws the newspapers of the right have suffered a loss in revenue from subsidies and have been forced to raise their price. This, with the violence of their attacks on the government and their open support of Franco, has caused their circulation to fall off. As a journalist M. de Kerillis may be compared with Carbuccia of the *Gringoire,* whose calumnies were responsible for the suicide of Roger Salengro, Minister of the Interior, and with Charles Maurras of the *Action Française,* now in prison for instigating the attempt to murder Léon Blum in 1936. But a more dangerous man than De Kerillis is Jacques Doriot, head of the Parti Populaire Français and successor to De la Rocque as France's would-be Führer. Already publisher of a weekly, *Emancipation Nationale,* he has just bought control of the daily *Liberté.* Through it he will continue to preach that spurious socialism which is a sure sign of genuine fascism.

*

AS CONTRIBUTOR OF OUR WEEKLY LETTER from Washington, Paul W. Ward has served *The Nation* since January, 1936—and the phrase may justly be taken in a double sense. It is with deep regret and some trepidation, therefore, that we announce to our readers Mr. Ward's departure for England, where he will take charge of the London bureau of the Baltimore *Sun.* Both in Washington and in our pages he has become an institution—if one so lively can be called an institution—and for excellent reasons. As a first-rate newspaperman with a clear and uncynical understanding of social forces, he has carried on a tradition in American journalism which has played an important role in the past and will be even more important in the complex future. Mr. Ward's particular talent for penetration and exposure is certainly needed in London as much as in Washington, and we look forward to his dispatches in the Baltimore *Sun* as well as to the articles he will occasionally contribute to these pages. Despite these compensations we hope his absence from the American front will be brief.

Mr. Green's Solidarity

THE antiquated woodcutters of the American Federation of Labor continue to hack away at the Committee for Industrial Organization—and they can hardly be expected to understand why industrial unionism, like the oak tree of the fable, grows stronger as they hack. Every move so far made by Green and Frey to discredit the C. I. O. and establish their own right to speak for American labor has had exactly the opposite effect. The A. F. of L. long ago demonstrated its incapacity to build a modern labor movement; it has actually functioned as an enemy of labor and in its frantic fight for survival has not hesitated to employ every weapon forbidden to labor's friends. As Mr. Lewis pointed out at the convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union in Atlantic City, Mr. Green indulged in plain treachery in the General Motors strike

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when he asked Governor Murphy by telephone not to permit a sole-bargaining agreement with any one union, meaning the United Automobile Workers. A little later an A. F. of L. organizer, the notorious F. J. Dillon, sent a telegram to the country's leading union hater, Edsel Ford, attacking the U. A. W. (not by name), denouncing the sitdown as "repulsive and demoralizing," and expressing the "sincere hope that you will view with favor the desire of the A. F. of L. to cooperate with managements generally in preserving . . . industrial peace." Edsel Ford was noncommittal, but the Consolidated Edison of New York recently took the hint when it tried to drive its workers into a "safe" A. F. of L. craft union in order to combat the militant C. I. O. local which was successfully organizing its employees. In other cases A. F. of L. craft unions, in their zeal to fight the C. I. O., have themselves assumed the character of industrial unions—which means that they will presently be at each other's throats.

In Washington the executive council of the federation has tried to fight the C. I. O. in other, more dangerous, ways. It attempted to protect craft unions by having the Wagner Act amended to prevent the granting of exclusive bargaining privileges to any one union in a plant, and accepted the good offices of the reactionary Representative Dies to get the amendment introduced in the House when no genuine friend of labor would touch it. Its lobbyists backed the move for a Congressional investigation of sitdowns the main proponents of which were Dies and other Southern red-baiters who are afraid of the textile drive in the South. John P. Frey, moreover, asked the National Labor Relations Board to "respect craft divisions" in holding plant elections, saying that the granting of "sole-bargaining rights was a denial of the rights of a minority."

These are scattered examples. Throughout the country the A. F. of L. bureaucrat is functioning as the agent of disruption. As such, he is being used by the employers and spurned by the rank and file. Meanwhile Mr. Green continues to assume the pose of outraged virtue. In reply to Lewis's speech at Atlantic City he said that Lewis "lacked proper understanding of his telephone call to Governor Murphy"—he did not deny making it. He went on to "offer as an answer to this unwarranted allegation my life's record of service to . . . organized labor," and ended by pleading for "unity, solidarity, and cooperation within the ranks of labor," for which he said he was ready to "render any service."

To Mr. Green the answer can be made that within labor's ranks unity, solidarity, and cooperation prevail, of an extent and quality to frighten an A. F. of L. bureaucrat out of his wits. That solidarity begins just to the left of the craft-union officialdom; from week to week it covers an ever-widening sector of workers (it has even increased the membership of craft unions), and it promises to encompass the great majority of wage-earners. At the moment the C. I. O. is mopping up the independent companies in the steel industry after having organized the great bulk of steel workers. In New York City it recently demonstrated its hold on the imagination of the rank and file when, in an election held for the 13,500 employees of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, 10,638 out of 11,585 cast their ballots for the C. I. O. Here too we had a perfect example of A. F. of L. tactics. Having failed to organize these workers, the A. F. of L. union in the field now says it will not abide by the outcome of the election in which it refused to take part. To the overwhelming vote in favor of the C. I. O. it opposed the dry-as-dust contention that the election was illegally held. It was the same sort of solidarity Mr. Green had in mind when two days after his appeal for unity he ordered the suspension of C. I. O. affiliates from the Los Angeles Central Labor Council, thus ridding himself of 10,000 troublesome members—who were promptly granted C. I. O. charters.

We may look forward to similar actions in other cities. We do not minimize their deplorable effects, but in the long run they can have no important influence on labor's course. Even at this point the announcement that the A. F. of L. may soon formally expel the C. I. O. unions makes the same impression as if we were told that a dead shell had decided to "expel" the living organism that has already sloughed it off.

Hot Gold

THERE could be no surer sign that the fires of reform are burning low in Washington than the undue prominence that has been given recently to the subject of "hot gold." The problem is by no means a new one. For more than four years gold has been pouring steadily into the country. At the end of 1932 the national gold stocks were $4,226,000,000, which was nearly a billion and a half more than was needed as backing for our currency. At the end of 1934 they had risen to no less than $8,238,000,000 in devalued dollars. By the end of 1936 we had added another three billion, bringing the total to $11,258,000,000. By the middle of this May we held approximately $11,900,000,000, or more than 53 per cent of the world's supply of monetary gold.

Meanwhile, stimulated by unprecedented prices, gold production has risen to record heights. The increase in 1936 was larger than in any year in history, except after the three big gold strikes in Transvaal, California, and Australia. The spectacle of miners the world over working feverishly to dig out ever-increasing amounts of the yellow metal only to have it taken to Fort Knox and buried once more in the earth has been the subject of many well-taken quips. There can be no doubt that the United States is suffering from one of the most colossal gyp games in history, albeit one in which we laid down the rules. Gold is considerably overvalued in terms of American currency. Every ounce of the metal which we obtain from abroad has to be paid for, ultimately, in the product of "cheap" American labor. Although we get only about two-thirds as much gold per unit of labor as before the depression, we have been buying huge amounts on these terms.

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All this would not be so bad if it served any useful purpose. But the accumulation of more than half the world's gold supply in the United States means that a number of countries are deprived of sufficient gold to stabilize their currencies and abolish trade restrictions. And the gold is of no conceivable value to us as long as we continue to keep out foreign imports. We have accumulated gold because we did not want goods. Moreover, the recent moves of the Federal Reserve Board to reduce excess reserves and "sterilize" gold imports were prompted by fear lest our huge reserves stimulate a runaway inflation. The United States is an integral part of the world economic system, and any action we take which is injurious to world stability must ultimately react against our well-being. The only real gainers from $35 gold, apart from the Soviet government, are the owners of mining stocks, who in some instances have reaped fortunes.

The time to think of all this was obviously before devaluing the dollar by 41 per cent when a much smaller devaluation would have achieved the desired purpose. There was scarcely an economist in the country who did not point out at that time the very pitfalls into which we are now stumbling. The undervaluing of the dollar was bound to bring huge capital imports and to distort our normal trade balance. It was certain to be followed by an unhealthy rise in prices. But that damage has largely been done. The question is now whether it would be wise to reverse the process by reducing the buying price of gold from $35 an ounce to, say, $30. Many economists have openly supported the proposal. The president of the Bank of International Settlements has suggested that the price of gold be reduced throughout the world as a means of checking the increase in gold production.

A reduction in the price of gold would undoubtedly have certain good results. It would definitely eliminate the threat of an immediate inflation, and would check the influx of capital which is now causing great concern. But there are certain dangers involved in fighting fire with fire. Any change in value of a currency, whether up or down, is bound to have profound repercussions throughout the economic system, as was illustrated by the recent collapse of the stock market on the rumor of revaluation. New maladjustments are created and a period of instability ensues. Nothing can be more disastrous to business confidence than continued uncertainty regarding the value of the monetary unit. While something must obviously be done to check the continuous inflow of hot gold, it is not necessary to resort to a measure as drastic as revaluation. What is really necessary to restore world economic stability is for the United States to discharge its responsibility as a leading creditor nation. This implies accepting a substantial surplus of imports over exports. While this process might be accelerated by raising the value of the dollar, it can also be achieved, at considerably less cost, by more vigorously pressing Secretary Hull's program for tariff reduction. Once abnormal barriers to trade are removed, the gold question will take care of itself.

Nazi Scouts in Africa

THE Führer seems determined to regain Germany's former African empire by fair means or foul. He was not daunted by the recent outlawing of the Deutsches Bund, his private army in Southwest Africa. When the Union government put its foot down on these Nazi scouts, it was a simple matter to ship them home to Germany and train them there. Already 600 young Germans from the colony are taking a postgraduate course in the Fatherland. They form the "Corporation of Patriots" and are to educate in their turn other Afro-Germans in those special skills and prejudices necessary for "tasks awaiting them abroad." This very week they are meeting in convention in Saxony. When their training is finished, the army will return, bit by bit, for a new attempt to establish Hitler's place in the southern sun.

Southwest Africa was given to the Union of South Africa as a mandated territory under the League of Nations. In 1923 representatives of the German government at London urged the Germans in Africa to cooperate in the mandate and to regard their future as bound to the Union. Thereupon some of the Germans became British subjects, and matters went smoothly for a while. But when Hitler came to power, his agents provocateurs began stirring up trouble. Numbers of German aliens entered the territory, established a boycott against their countrymen who had accepted Union nationality, organized or terrorized them, and encouraged the belief that Southwest Africa would soon be turned over to Germany.

Since last December the Union government has been pressing a measure to combat this threat and on April 2 General Hertzog, the Prime Minister, signed a proclamation granting power to the administrator of the mandate to publish the names of all public bodies and political organizations which should henceforth be closed to alien membership. It was aimed, obviously, at the Deutsches Bund. Three days later Herr Wiehl, the German Minister, presented a note of protest to General Hertzog, describing the ruling as "a combative measure against the Germans in Southwest Africa." Meanwhile, back in the Fatherland, the official press was voicing high indignation over the martyrdom of Germans in Africa. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* announced that "the deprivation of their political rights will be regarded as a challenge by South Africans and this challenge must disturb the good relations between Germany and the Union." The Union stuck firm to its program, despite bullying. On April 19 the administrator at Windhoek decreed that by July 1 the Deutsches Bund must either disband or be wholly reorganized as an association of British subjects. And that is where matters stand today.

The Hertzog government deserves credit for having called Hitler's bluff—in contrast to many European governments. He has driven the Nazis underground. But his work will not be finished as long as Afro-German boys are carrying the gospel of Nazi imperialism from headquarters in Berlin back to Southwest Africa.

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What Next in Social Security?

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

SOME Monday in the near future the Supreme Court is expected to uphold the constitutionality of the old-age and unemployment provisions of the Social Security Act. Of the two phases of the act at issue the old-age annuity plan is by far the more important. For if federal old-age protection is held constitutional, there will no longer be any legal excuse for maintaining the present cumbersome federal-state plan of unemployment insurance. The constitutional case for a national system of protecting the jobless could be made even stronger than that for old-age annuities, since it could be defended as essential for preserving national economic stability.

Merely to list the specific changes which must be made before the act can afford even reasonable protection against unemployment would be tedious. Benefits which extend only from fifteen to twenty weeks would mean very little in a depression such as the one from which we are now emerging. In fact, it is doubtful whether such assistance has any long-range social value. For it abandons the individual worker in his hour of greatest need, and fails to support consumer buying power when it is most desperately required. Nor can the exclusion of three-fifths of the employed from its benefits be defended.

A national insurance system, on the other hand, would make possible a uniform program involving a substantial increase in both the amount and duration of benefits. Part of the extra expense involved in liberalizing benefits might be saved by pooling risks on a nation-wide rather than a state-wide scale. But additional funds will undoubtedly be necessary. European experience has shown that no worker-supported system can meet the needs of a protracted depression without government assistance. Unemployment is not really an insurable risk. No one knows whether the percentage of jobless will average 5 or 15 per cent over the next twenty years. And in so far as the causes of unemployment are social rather than individual, there would seem to be no justification for placing the burden of jobless protection solely on the working class and consumers rather than on the country as a whole. At least part of the cost should be met through taxes levied on the basis of capacity to pay.

In the case of the old-age annuities, reforms are also necessary but should be materially easier to make. Even the most conservative groups in Congress, including the Republicans and anti-New Deal Democrats, have come to see the absurdity of accumulating a forty-seven-billion-dollar reserve fund. It has become rather generally recognized, moreover, that the men and women who are now over sixty years of age should be protected even though they cannot possibly pay the cost on a strict insurance basis. Fortunately, both these weaknesses can be corrected without a drastic change in the principles of the present law. The British government has met the problem of the older worker by paying full pensions to all insured workers regardless of whether or not they were too old to set aside enough to meet the cost of their own old-age protection. By adopting this principle the United States could provide reasonably adequate security for the men and women who are now past forty without openly repudiating actuarial principles.

Such a plan would be of very little assistance, however, to the workers who are now under forty years of age. They would still have to look forward to an ultimate pay-roll deduction of 3 per cent for the old-age annuity, in addition to bearing the brunt, in increased prices, of a 6 per cent pay-roll tax for old-age and unemployment protection. Nine per cent of a worker's income may not seem too much to pay for security; but with nearly four-fifths of America's families receiving less than a "reasonably satisfactory" standard of living—according to the Brookings Institution—a 9 per cent reduction becomes a serious matter. While it is not possible to provide security for the aged without taxing the young, it is fair to ask, as in the case of unemployment insurance, whether the working class and consumers should shoulder the entire burden or whether some responsibility should not be borne by the community as a whole. The rates of contribution now in force might be retained as a concession to those who feel that every person should provide for his own old age, but the increases provided for subsequent years should be suspended and the funds necessary for an adequate program should be derived from social taxation. In any case, immediate action should be taken to extend the benefits of compulsory old-age protection to agricultural workers, domestic servants, and the categories of white-collar employees who are now exempt from the provisions of the law. Other groups, such as housewives and self-employed workers, should be permitted to take out voluntary insurance.

Another necessary reform which should present no important technical difficulties is the provision for disability and survivors' pensions in connection with the old-age annuity plan. Every important country in the world except the United States has provided some form of protection against disability, or premature old age. Most countries combine invalidity insurance with old-age pensions on the ground that old age is really but a special type of disability. Widows' and orphans' pensions are also almost invariably attached to old-age insurance. Most American states grant aid to dependent children, but at present none make special provision for widows.

The greatest opportunity presented by the Supreme Court's action, however, lies in a totally different field. If federal old-age annuities are upheld, one of the pri-

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mary obstacles to a federal program of health insurance will have been eliminated. An adequate program of health protection would mean more to the average American than all the other forms of social insurance combined. Recently there has been some discussion of an amendment which would add cash sickness benefits to the old-age annuity scheme. At first sight this seems sensible enough. The number of days of illness in a given year per 1,000 of the population can be calculated almost as accurately as the chance of living to a ripe old age. Such a scheme would probably encounter very little opposition as long as it was divorced from medical assistance. Doctors would favor it because it would greatly increase the possibility of their being paid, and no organized group, except possibly the insurance companies, would be likely to oppose it. Obviously such a plan would represent an important step forward, although compensation which is not attached to a program of medical aid would raise many difficult problems. Some system of control would have to be set up involving the medical profession. But under private medicine, doctors would have no incentive to check malingering; on the contrary, they would have every inducement to help a prospective patient collect his sickness allowance if only for the sake of collecting their fees.

A modest cash benefit would do very little, moreover, toward meeting the primary problem—the provision of adequate medical care for the millions of Americans who are unable to pay for such care even when fully employed. It would not begin to cover the cost of cases demanding hospitalization and specialist's care. Nor would voluntary health insurance solve this problem for the great majority of Americans. The average family can ill afford the $75 to $100 a year which would be necessary to obtain adequate medical care. As a consequence, most individuals will take a chance on avoiding sickness rather than curtail their meager standard of living.

It is not to be supposed that the struggle for adequate health insurance will be an easy one in the United States. Until recently there has been little to show for the campaign which progressive groups have waged for nearly a quarter of a century. The picture has been fundamentally changed in the last few years, however, by the dramatic success of group hospitalization. Hundreds of thousands of families who had no interest in "socialized medicine" as such have found satisfaction and protection in insurance against hospital bills. The brilliant battle of the United States Public Health Service against venereal disease has also helped to popularize the value of public medicine. Given a favorable Supreme Court decision, no time should be lost in taking advantage of the favorable political atmosphere for an immediate drive for nation-wide health protection.

Compulsory health insurance may not be an ideal solution of the problem of medical care. Under it, it would be difficult to make provision for millions of persons, such as farmers, casual workers, and domestics, who are desperately in need of assistance. But however far short of the ideal, it would raise a heavy burden from the backs of American wage-earners of this generation.

Time, Fortune, Life

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

I

THE editors of *Time* are quick to resent the term "fascist." And indeed the adjective is a bit overenthusiastic. But *Time,* although consciously its philosophy is no more than a cynical, tired Republicanism, does present abundant evidence of a fascist unconscious. One might instance its neurotic interest in the surgical details of bloodshed, its worship of "potent" individuals, its corresponding contempt for the masses. There is one department, however, in which these fascist tendencies have emerged quite frankly into the open. This is the "Foreign News" section, second in length and importance only to "National Affairs." Ever since *Time* was founded in 1923 this has been wholly or mostly written by one Laird Shields Goldsborough, a classmate of Luce's at Yale. It is difficult to convey the irresponsible malice, the positive venom of Goldsborough's attitude toward the masses and their leaders. For his information about the U. S. S. R. he depends largely on White Russian émigrés—whence the great *Time* theory that Trotsky is really "Stalin's stooge," an undercover emissary busy fomenting revolutions which Stalin's bourgeois alliances won't allow him to encourage openly (*Time,* December 28, 1936). His treatment of the Spanish war must be read to be believed. "The Spanish government, a regime of Socialists, Communists, and rattle-brained liberals, had emptied the jails of cutthroats to defend itself," he wrote early in the conflict. "The government's militia, largely composed of ill-trained, ill-disciplined shoemakers, cab-drivers, and waiters, who were only prevented from scattering in despair by their officers standing behind them with cocked firearms . . ."—such is his description of the defenders of Madrid (*Time,* October 26, 1936). In the same article he announced gleefully, "The Spanish Republic was actually at its last gasp." Goldsborough's falsifications have for years been an office scandal.

Next to radicals Goldsborough hates Jews. Léon Blum, being both, is abused in terms worthy of Herr Streicher. It is "lean, spidery Léon Blum, Socialist and Jew," "Jew Blum," ". . . the peculiar detestation Léon Blum is capable of arousing"—in peculiar, not to say pathological,

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people, one might add. Before Blum came into power he was "millionaire Socialist Blum," who "lives in a sumptuous old house crammed with exquisite bibelots" and "delights to rush among the Paris rabble and deliver mixed Socialist-Communist harangues." History played its customary trick on the editor of *Time's* foreign-news section, and Goldsborough later on had to tell his readers that this ridiculous old Sheeny had somehow managed to crawl into the premiership of France. It is only fair to say that Goldsborough, despite his name and personal appearance, is almost certainly not a Jew himself.

It all goes back to 1934, when Goldsborough made a trip to Italy for *Fortune*. He returned so violent a partisan of Il Duce that even Il Luce was alarmed. The uncritical panegyrics on fascism he wrote for *Fortune's* Italian number had to be scrapped in favor of a more realistic treatment by various staff writers. But in his province of *Time* Goldsborough says what he likes. For example (July 20, 1936): "A scant fourteen years ago the kingdom of Italy was as confused, irresolute, and radical-ridden as are France and Spain today. The years have dignified and tempered Benito Mussolini, and he has dignified and tempered the Italian people. . . . The features of Benito Mussolini in his prime are those of an Augustan Caesar. . . ."

The Goldsborough scandal has reached such a ripe stage that even Luce's more conservative lieutenants have tried to have him restrained. But Goldsborough has formidable talents: a chambermaid's instinct for scandal plus a spinster's love of gossip. He scooped the world on Mrs. Simpson, exposing the whole affair months before other journalists woke up to what was taking place. His stuff furthermore has pace, color, humor, drama, every virtue in fact except such dull ones as accuracy and honesty. Hence he is said to be the most highly paid writer on any of Luce's magazines. So far Luce has overruled all opposition and given Goldsborough his full personal backing, which means that his articles are not blue-penciled by the editor. That Luce, for good solid cash reasons, should thus specially protect the writer who most flagrantly violates his high-minded code of factual objectivity—this is a paradox only to the unsophisticated.

During the past few weeks a remarkable change has come over *Time's* foreign news. The Spanish situation is being reported honestly; Léon Blum is "Jew Blum" no longer; Europe has become a more comprehensible, if less exciting place. Explanation: Goldsborough went to London for the coronation.

II

The reading matter in Luce's magazines is produced by the cooperation of three groups: researchers, writers, editors. The researchers are all female, mostly college graduates. They work at the high nervous tension peculiar to commercial journalism. Luce has been publishing magazines for fourteen years, but it still takes a major crisis to produce each issue. For the fantastic amounts of overtime the researchers put in while the magazines are going to press, they get no time-and-a-half pay. In fact, they receive no pay at all beyond one dollar for dinner plus their taxi fare home after 10 p. m.—this deadline apparently representing Luce's idea of the hour at which the streets become unsafe for solitary females. Theoretically, they take time off during less busy periods. But quiet intervals are rare in Luce's high-powered enterprises, and they are lucky if they make up half their overtime. Considering this unpaid labor, the importance of the work, and the intelligence it requires, their pay is low. It begins at $25 a week and rises, by $10 or so a year, to a permanent plateau of about $75. But they put up with this exploitation because the human relationships are pleasant and the work is interesting.

Luce pays his writers well—after the probation period. The beginners are paid niggardly salaries and generally kicked around. But once the writer shows himself to be valuable, his earnings bound upward, to $10,000, even $15,000 or more, a year. Such salaries, however, are not given for nothing. As nuns sacrifice their hair, so Luce's writers are shorn of their names. It is a symbolic renunciation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Once they have taken the veil, any gallivanting outside the walls is discouraged. Writers who have contributed to secular journals have been "spoken to," delicately but unmistakably.

The specifications for an editorship at Time, Inc., are those for a good radio set: maximum receptivity and minimum static (read: independent thought). After years of selective breeding, Luce has developed a set of human instruments delicately adapted to their great task, the transmission of the dynamic radiations of the Lucian personality out of the ether on to the printed page. These instruments are devoted, flexible, intelligent (but not *too* intelligent). They do everything but talk out of turn. They are well oiled with salaries ranging from $15,000 to $35,000, plus blocks of bonus stock. The archetype of these admirable mechanisms is Roy Larsen, second in command and most likely successor to Luce. Quiet, impersonal, realistic, inhumanly efficient, Larsen, unlike Luce, doesn't take the racket too seriously. To Luce journalism is a crusade, to Larsen a game. It is possible that now that Luce's earnest pioneering has opened up rich new territory, Larsen, the cool and adroit manipulator, could exploit it more smoothly if Luce were out of the way. On the other hand, perhaps Luce's crusading fervor, his dash of publishing genius, is still the vital factor. The question is intriguing but academic, since Luce shows no signs of retiring.

Several years ago Time, Inc., grew out of the stage at which Luce had direct personal contact with most of his employees. During 1936 the number of employees shot up from 718 to 1,221. The question of employer-employee relationships is urgent. Luce seems to have evolved one answer, his employees another.

Speaking to a group of his advertising salesmen last year, Luce outlined the ideal corporation into which he hoped Time, Inc., would grow. In place of the cash nexus which binds employee to employer under capitalism, Luce told the boys, he would substitute something resembling Mussolini's corporative state. This interesting, though unfortunately as yet non-existent, po-

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litical concept has fascinated Luce ever since he supervised a lengthy treatise on the subject in *Fortune* several years ago. Luce's idea, roughly, is that the corporation accepts responsibility for the general economic and social well-being of its employees. It sees to it that they are well-paid, contented, and never without pocket handkerchiefs. In return, the employee identifies his own future with that of the corporation, centering all personal ambitions therein and thinking of it as "my" rather than "their" corporation—though, of course, not taking this too literally in the matter of dividends. These will somehow or other continue to find their way to the Harrimans and the Harknesses.

But labor relations at Time, Inc., seem likely to take a less idyllic form. From the point of view of the proletariat, Luce's corporative state shares the disadvantages of its model. When he talks of employees, Luce is really thinking of the better-paid males, and his corporative corporation is designed for their special benefit. Time, Inc., is a man's world, with an all-male aristocracy of editors, executives, and writers dominating the feminine masses of researchers and office workers. Considering the large salaries of the men, the average salary, which is $45.68 a week, indicates that the female proletariat is badly underpaid. And so in the past year the employees have taken steps to protect their economic interests themselves. Late last summer a unit of the Newspaper Guild was formed. It has grown amazingly, until at present 119 out of 234 eligible employees in New York City have signed up. (Of the 1,221 total employees, 547 work in the circulation department at Chicago.) The most enthusiastic response has come from the women in general and the writers on *Fortune,* the *Architectural Forum,* and the March of Time. The one sector in which almost no progress has been made is the *Time* writing staff, a culturally backward subregion comparable to the Bible Belt of the South.

III

The future of Time, Inc., as a business enterprise is largely bound up with the success of *Life,* its latest and by far its most ambitious venture. So far *Life* has been so successful as to be a pain in the neck to its publishers. They were foolish enough to draw up their 1937 advertising contracts on the basis of a guaranteed minimum circulation of 300,000. For months they have been selling over 1,000,000 copies a week. "This means," explained Luce sadly in his 1936 report to stockholders, "that *Life's* 1937 advertisers are paying some $2,500,000 for space which is conservatively worth $7,000,000." The management's underestimate of *Life's* possibilities—which Luce frankly admits was "an error in judgment"—was even more serious than these figures indicate, since recent circulation tests indicate that over 4,000,000 copies of *Life* could be sold every week if they existed. They will not exist for some time because, with its low advertising rates, *Life* loses more money the more copies it sells. Its pre-publication advertising contracts were closed at $1,500 a page, which was raised to $3,000 early this year. But until 1938, when this will be raised farther to $5,000 or over, *Life* will content itself with a beggarly 1,000,000 readers. If the economic system holds together through 1938, Time, Inc., will begin to get back some of the millions it has spent on *Life.* But even if it doesn't, and *Life* fails to reap the costly seed it has sown, the organization can stand a good deal of financial strain. At the beginning of this year its books showed current assets of $8,400,000 ($2,100,000 in cash, $2,700,000 in government bonds) against current liabilities of $1,500,000. Financially, the future of Time, Inc., seems well assured.

Its ideological future is harder to analyze. As a publisher Luce has many points of resemblance to Hearst. But the parallel must not be pushed too far. When Landon was nominated, for instance, Luce, like Hearst, made a pilgrimage to Topeka and returned enchanted, for much the same reasons. And so during the spring of 1936 the liberal fraction on *Time* was conscious of strong pro-Landon pressure. Landon trivia were treated at length and reverently, while the New Deal was chronicled briefly and flippantly. Luce personally saw to it that Landon got the editorial breaks. As the futility and the ineptitude of Landon's campaign became progressively apparent, Luce steadily lost interest in editing *Time,* which as steadily drifted over toward Roosevelt. By the end of the summer *Time* was chilly to Landon and friendly to Roosevelt and the C. I. O. Luce and his editors had checked their prejudices against the actual state of affairs, and had shifted their editorial emphasis accordingly. Hearst stupidly remained faithful to Landon unto the end and had to perform *his* about-face after the election, always an awkward maneuver. The distinction is important. Those in charge of Time, Inc., have excellent facilities for finding out what is actually going on: the *Fortune* Survey, to name one, predicted Roosevelt's victory last fall with remarkable accuracy. And once they have found out what is going on, they are by no means fanatical about sticking to their guns. There is always a lag, and often an inexcusably big one, between the march of events and the recognizing of the same by Luce's magazines. But the one great good thing about Luce's journalism is that it *does* change its ground, however reluctantly, that it *is* sooner or later sensitive to which way the wind is blowing.

Here emerges the difference between Lucian and Hearstian journalism. It would not occur to one to take issue, argumentatively, with a Hearst editorial. The plane on which it is conducted is beyond reason, beyond the reach of any marshaling of evidence. But for all their prejudices, their semi-conscious editorializing, Luce and his editors at least *think* their conclusions are determined by the weight of evidence. (And even if the more sophisticated among them don't even *think* thus, at least they accept the necessity for hypocrisy.)

The pragmatic-objective school of thought which Time, Inc., represents can flourish only within a healthy, self-confident capitalist culture. In 1900-29, as in 1850-1900 in England, this country had, or thought it had, such a culture. As England had its Victorian rationalists, so we developed a dominant school of historians, economists, and sociologists which believed in piling up data ("fact-

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finding") and which was not interested in interpreting these data. The implication was that the basic premises on which society rested didn't need questioning. But since 1929 the fact-finding school has lost ground: the progressives insist on critical interpretation, and the conservatives doubt if the system can stand the facts. That Time, Inc., carries on the old tradition is due partly to *Time's* freakish prosperity all through the depression, which has preserved intact a booming little capitalist culture peculiar to half a dozen floors of the Chrysler Building.

Even if Time, Inc., doesn't feel the pinch of the next depression either, its rulers will increasingly feel the pressure from a contradiction in their own editorial rationale. Their incomes, friends, sympathies, prejudices are all far over to the right. But they profess to be, and *want* to be, guided only by the weight of factual evidence, and in most cases this evidence leads to a left-wing conclusion. The arguments against the present system are always so much better than the arguments for it. And Luce's editors, unlike Hearst and Hitler, still take arguments seriously. As the capitalist crisis sharpens and this dilemma becomes more and more painful, it seems likely that they will subordinate the stubborn, unwelcome facts to some supra-rationale principle. That is to say, modulate from laissez faire capitalism into fascist capitalism.

Objectively as well as subjectively they will be pushed in this direction. Year by year the gears of Time, Inc., mesh more deeply into the capitalist system. It now has between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 invested in stocks and bonds of other corporations. To watch over these investments, and to increase them by judicious speculation, it maintains its own staff of market experts. Last year its "Other Income," that is, speculative profits, came to $1,065,000, which was more than a third of its total net profits. Obviously such a publishing enterprise cannot be expected to remain editorially aloof from the economic system. The business classes are becoming aware that something beyond old-style capitalism is necessary. This means, if they have anything to say, some form of fascism.

This development is epitomized in Luce's personal drift toward the right. In 1928 he voted for Smith, in 1932 for Hoover, in 1936 for Landon. His current direction may be indicated by a few sentences from a recent speech: "Without the aristocratic principle no society can endure. . . . What slowly deadened our aristocratic sense was the expanding frontier, but still more the expanding machine. . . . We got a plutocracy without any common sense of dignity and obligation. . . . The triumph of the mass mind is nowhere more apparent than in the frustration of the upper classes." It is all there—the aristocratic principle, the distrust of the masses, even the sense of *noblesse oblige*. Luce's opinions are those of the ruling business class to which he belongs and whose great mouthpiece he is, of the people he went to college with, the people he puts up in his streamlined guest cottages, the people he lunches with in the Cloud Club inside the chromium spire of the Chrysler Building, the people, in a word, who pay for the advertising which pays for his magazines. The decay of American capitalism is pushing all these people in a certain direction. But it is premature to call Time, Inc., fascist. Proto-fascist would be more accurate.

[*This is the last of three articles on Time, Inc. The first two appeared in the issues of May 1 and May 8.*]

Kings and Bus Drivers

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, May 6

THE Coronation approaches to the rumble of growing labor unrest. The London busmen are already out on strike, and a threatened dispute in the mining industry may result in a national stoppage in the last week of May. There is a good deal of unrest, also, among the engineers; a big strike, lasting two weeks, has only just been settled among the shipyard apprentices on the Clyde.

The causes of the unrest are various. The busmen have struck for the seven-and-a-half-hour day. They complain of the great speeding-up in London transport. This has resulted, they claim, in increased nervous strain and a heavy incidence of digestive trouble among the men. The Transport Board hardly disputes the facts of the claim. Its answer is that, granted the rates of interest it must pay (4 per cent, 4½ per cent, 5 per cent) on its different classes of stock, it cannot afford the half-million sterling that concession of the claim would cost. Since Saturday last not a bus has moved on the London streets; and the strain on alternative forms of transport has been grave. So far the strike has been met with good temper, as the weather is fine and the London busman is deservedly popular. The government has taken no action as yet, save to appoint a court of inquiry which is to make an interim report by the week-end. It is difficult to believe that some action will not be taken, for the absence of five thousand buses from the streets in the present congested condition of London would be calamitous. On physiological grounds the men have an unanswerable case; and the real reply to the board is that a Tory Parliament gave to the shareholders of the former transport companies unnaturally good terms when the present monopoly was formed. There is no case for more than 3 per cent on shares of this character; and a reduction in the rate of interest by Act of Parliament is the obvious way out. But it is difficult to see a Parliament of the present character being persuaded to take this road.

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The threat of a mining dispute arises out of conditions in the rich Nottingham coal field. There, ever since the dispute of 1926, a company union has dominated the situation, and a condition of owners' control exists such as Americans know in parts of the West Virginia coal field. The Miners' Federation has fought hard for its overthrow, and a secret ballot of the men has been overwhelmingly against the company union. So far the owners have proved adamant, though it is possible that the pressure of parliamentary opinion—which is widely favorable to the miners—may yet compel them to give way before a national stoppage occurs.

In the engineering trades the situation is different again. Wages have hardly recovered from the depth of the depression; prices, as the orthodox *Economist* admits, are "rising at an alarming rate." Meanwhile, largely through the rearmament program, the Stamp index of profits has risen from the base of 100 in 1929 to 114 last year; and individual firms show immense increases. While employment is greater by 15.2 per cent than in 1932, output has risen by more than 37 per cent; the increase in the output per individual worker is about one-fifth on his production in 1932. Profits in the four years 1932-36 are up by over 52 per cent, while wages in the same period only rose by 3.6 per cent. If to this picture there be added the growing tendency to employ women and youths, and the resistance of industry and finance to Neville Chamberlain's very mild proposal of a tax on profits, it is not difficult to understand the feeling of unrest that prevails.

Mostly it is an unrest of the rank and file rather than of the leaders. It is no secret that the pressure on the latter from below has been very great. The leaders are anxious to avoid disputes in a critical international situation; the men see no reason why they should not share in the real boom that is being created by the immense armament program. Their dissatisfaction with existing conditions has been intensified by some of the spectacular profits that are being made in the armaments industry and by the fact that financial resistance to Mr. Chamberlain's budget proposals is nowhere regarded by business men as other than common sense. They cannot see why a demand for higher wages should be "unpatriotic," if a demand for lower taxation is regarded as wholly reasonable. At the base of the industrial pyramid the mood of defeatism which has lasted since 1931 is at long last beginning to disappear. I make no doubt that in the next few months the leaders of the big unions will begin to adjust themselves to a new psychology. The alternative will be widespread unofficial strikes; and these are always evidence of bad leadership.

Meanwhile, the preparations for the Coronation proceed upon their majestic way. I do not find in the average Englishman any great excitement over the spectacle. He feels that it is an extra day's holiday, a break in the grim routine. He is pretty fully aware of, and somewhat amused at, the big commercial implications and the effort to hide them from the public gaze. He is treated to a mass of articles on the symbolic meaning of the ceremony, and books on the royal family from every conceivable aspect litter the bookshops. But I doubt whether the effect of all the propaganda and publicity blots out from his mind the memory of the abdication last December. He is quite prepared to accept the King and Queen as two well-meaning persons anxious to do a dull job as well as possible; he thinks they should be given a fair chance to prove themselves. Yet in himself he does not think that everything is quite the same as before. He remembers that Edward VIII was a fairy prince one day and an exile a week later; the halo has not yet been regilded, and it will take longer than five months to do the regilding. It is symptomatic that in the new Civil List no proposal is made for an allowance for the Duke of Windsor; the government does not want a revival of criticism. It is symptomatic of something, too, that books which remind the reader of how new is the tradition of monarchical glamor are having a steady sale and awakening a good deal more critical interest than was expected.

It is even becoming fashionable to argue that the time has come to democratize the social habits of the monarchy; I have found a good deal of sympathy in quite unexpected quarters for Mr. Atlee's criticism of its unnecessary pomp and luxury. It is certain that a new critical mood exists. Labor leaders who accept Coronation honors will not find justification as easy as at the Jubilee. The sense that the monarchy is, at bottom, a reserve power in the hands of capitalist interests is more widespread than at any time for fifty years. I do not for a moment mean that there is any overt republicanism; that is not the case. I do mean that the monarchy is on trial in a way that would not have seemed possible six months ago, and the Coronation will have little of the profound symbolic effect it would have had if there had been no abdication. It is a diversion magnificently staged, but for the average man no more than a diversion. Its perspective is utterly different from what it was when George V was crowned, and one does not have to go far to discover that this is the case.

The kind of atmosphere which surrounds the monarchy dates from no earlier than Disraeli's time, and is significantly connected with the growth of that imperialist cult of which he was one of the founders. The Crown has been immensely useful to the reactionary forces of Great Britain as the symbol of imperial unity. But there is a growing awareness, awakened by the Jubilee of 1935 and greatly sharpened by the abdication, that it symbollizes a historical moment in the evolution of capitalism which may well pass away. Certainly its habits will be more closely watched than ever before. Certainly, also, its exploitation in the interests of party will be more sharply criticized. A neutral monarch will survive by reason of his neutrality for a considerable period. But under present conditions that neutrality has become an urgent matter.

Edward VIII made it obvious that the king must satisfy the bourgeois virtues in a bourgeois society; so soon as he ceased to typify them he ceased, also, to be an adequate symbol of national unity. But what precisely will

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the Crown make of a situation in which its ministers seek to utilize its powers for social transformation instead of social conservatism? That is the unknown factor in the present situation. Being British, we shall not confront it until necessity compels us. But one day we shall have to confront it, and the results may be more surprising than we care to imagine. That is why I do not think we need regard the Coronation of George VI as more than an absorbing pageant which need not, after all, be taken too seriously.

Hoffman of New Jersey

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

II. Champion of the Upper-Dog

IN the fall of 1934, when Harold G. Hoffman was campaigning for the governorship, the Utility Users' Protective League, engaged at the time in a fight to reduce the rates of the Public Service Electric and Gas Company, sent him a questionnaire about his stand on utilities. He answered, "I believe good government comes through progressive steps and not through overnight reforms. Therefore I am not a reformer but a candidate who, after fifteen years of public office, declines to make a lot of wild promises that cannot be fulfilled without some revolutionary changes in our form and theory of government and in the hearts of men."

In his inaugural address, however, the new Republican Governor did promise to strengthen the almost impotent Public Utility Commission of the state, and soon after the inauguration the consumers' group presented a series of bills designed to accomplish this purpose. The bills were mild enough in all conscience and were supported not too vigorously by the "clean government" group from Essex headed by the Reverend Lester H. Clee, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Newark and Republican Speaker of the Assembly. Mr. Clee, however, soon became more interested in his battles against pari-mutuel betting and greyhound racing than in any struggle against the extortionate rates of Public Service. The bills died the customary death of all such measures and were replaced by bills bearing the imprimatur of the Governor. Most of the Hoffman utility measures were meaningless. Two of them made future prosecution of rate cases by Jersey consumers next to impossible: one provided that all rate cases must be wound up within six months, and another gave the commission the right to "negotiate and agree" with the utilities without the intervention of the consumers. As it took two long years of the hardest sort of fighting to obtain a rate reduction of $5,000,000 annually from Public Service, and as a "negotiation and agreement" between the commission and the companies, with no consumers represented, is a meeting of woolly lambs and saber-toothed tigers, Hoffman's contribution to Public Service was a royal one.

The Governor was equally generous in his support of the real-estate interests, chief among which are the large insurance companies. In his inaugural address he had come out for a sales tax, and he pressed at once for its enactment. After a long-drawn-out fight which split the Republican majority the tax was passed by dint of a trade with Hague's Democrats. The object in laying a 2 per cent tax on necessities as well as luxuries was, of course, to relieve the realtors. The tax proved so unpopular, however, that after a few months' trial the Governor was forced to sign a repealer.

A situation soon developed with which no glittering gubernatorial eloquence nor legislative horse-trading could cope. Early in 1935 everyone informed on state matters knew that federal funds for unemployment relief would be stopped unless the state contributed its share. The federal government had spent millions for relief in Jersey. The state had not met its obligations. There was ample warning from Washington. But the Governor still denounced the New Deal at Rotarian luncheons, and the legislature still bickered over betting. Matters dragged along until April, 1936, when the Trenton State House was occupied by a determined group of workless men and women demanding some sort of action. For an exciting week they staged one of the pioneer sitdown strikes in this country, taking over the Assembly and Senate chambers and listening to their leaders' speeches. They also read the comment of the Governor: "People should support the government and not expect the government to support them. Some persons have the idea that the government owes them a living. This has never been and never will be. The carpetbaggers had that idea and they nearly ruined a section of the country."

State House guards stood about while the representatives of the unemployed held mock sessions of the legislature, taunting the lawmakers for their failure to come to grips with reality. The Governor sent telegrams to Washington begging the federal government to care for the state's "unemployables." Finally the sitdowners rose and drifted away, after having voted to form a Farmer-Labor Party and divert highway funds to relief purposes, a proposal against which the Governor thundered. The demonstration had thrown a temporary scare into "respectable" persons all over the state, but it accomplished little else. The unemployed, nearly a million of them, were thrown on the mercies of the near-bankrupt municipalities and their overseers of the poor. When Hoffman was criticized for his part in this shabby business, he comforted himself by reading articles in the New York

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Herald Tribune congratulating Jersey on its "forthrightness" in handling relief.

The results of two short months of this "forthrightness" were uncovered by investigators for the Division of Social Research of the WPA. The report of these agents stated that there had been few chiselers on the rolls, that the vaunted reduction in relief costs was due to seasonal occupational pick-up, and that on the whole there was "starvation and disease" in many New Jersey homes. Republican papers and the New York Board of Trade attempted to discount this report by conducting their own investigations. These consisted, for the most part, in asking secretaries of New Jersey chambers of commerce how things were going in their communities. Just as breezily optimistic replies were being printed, word came from Hoboken—where more than 5,000 had been dropped from the rolls—that three-year-old Donald Hastie, whose invalid father was receiving $2.50 a week for relief for a family of five, had died of "malnutrition." The baby had been licking paint off the walls to allay his hunger. Little more about the "success" of the New Jersey experiment appeared in the press.

A windfall from taxes on the huge Dorrance estate helped some of the more desperately hard-up communities, but a year after state funds were cut off, an Ocean City poormaster was quoted in the New York *World-Telegram* as saying: "Clients don't bother me very much. I just say no, and give them nothing. I know the poor devils need it bad enough, but we ain't got it." In some places investigators reported that family relief had dropped as low as $5 a month. Still the Governor insisted that to divert the highway funds, the only money in sight, would be unfair to automobile owners. He said further that relief was making "bums" out of Jerseymen. When the legislature voted to divert the funds, pitifully inadequate as they were, Hoffman vetoed the bill. The other day it was repassed over his veto.

Foes of the Governor inside his own party, whose name is coming to be legion, secretly sympathizing with his bold defense of property against human rights, did not attack him for his relief policy. Instead they chose to bait him on his inept handling of the Bruno Hauptmann case. Of all the fantastic tales that have ever come out of this land of the tabloid editor's dreams, the Hauptmann case is surely the most fantastic. And the part played in it by Harold Giles Hoffman remains one of the deepest mysteries of the whole macabre story. The motive for the Governor's sensational intervention in the case has been sought in his political ambitions, his yen for publicity, his love of playing detective. As to the last, it is of record that Ellis Parker, chief of Burlington County detectives, a lifelong friend of the Hoffmans, once exclaimed: "That boy would have made a great detective." Parker and his debonaire son, long protected by Hoffman's stubborn refusal to allow them to be taken to New York for trial in connection with the kidnapping and torture of Paul Wendel, have finally been tried by the federal government. On the stand Wendel has vehemently insisted that Hoffman knew all about the strange activities of the Parkers.

It may have been interest in Parker's theory that someone other than Hauptmann stole the baby that led Hoffman to make his mysterious midnight visit in October, 1935, to the cell of the condemned German. Jersey politicians say that he looked on the case as offering another springboard to advancement, this time into national prominence as candidate for Vice-President on the Landon ticket. His friends say that, driven by a stubborn and probably sincere conviction that he was on the right track in holding up the execution of Hauptmann, he became so involved with the Parkers, the Nazi groups, and others in the state trying to save Hauptmann from the chair that, lover of law and order as he is, he found himself openly defying the law that called for the extradition of the Parkers. What is certain is that Hoffman is a good-enough politician to understand the loss of prestige he suffered in the Hauptmann case. Practically the entire press of the state has rubbed it into him. He was indirectly rebuked by his own State Committee, and had to campaign vigorously to land as the fourth of four delegates to last year's Republican convention. At Cleveland he was openly snubbed by the national leaders.

Now, after a period of morose silence, he is attempting a comeback by his attacks on the C. I. O. No longer able to boast that he is "a man who has risen from the common people but who has never lost the common touch," he wants to reconcile his wealthy supporters of other days to his ambitions for 1940 and beyond. His term as governor ends next January, and he is forbidden by law to succeed himself. Nothing short of a miracle can prevent the election of A. Harry Moore on the Democratic ticket. But Hoffman is young and has a mighty itch for office. A man who has been elected fifteen times to public jobs is not going back to banking in South Amboy.

Ordinarily the North Jersey Council for Industrial Organization could afford to ignore the Governor and his threats of violence. But Jersey workers, organized and unorganized, are showing such militancy as has not been seen since the Passaic strike of 1926. Already there have been sitdown strikes in plants all over the state from Trenton to Jersey City. And the Governor has sent state troopers to protect scabs—pardon me, I mean "loyal workers"—in a factory outside Trenton.

At one time or another during his stormy career Hoffman has shown his contempt for the small consumers, the unemployed, the organized labor movement. Always he has been loyal to his friends in the utilities, the insurance companies, and the other labor-sweating corporations. He is backed by a hard-bitten group of reactionary bosses. They will give his every anti-labor move their enthusiastic support.

The man has a childish love for soldiers and a dangerous flair for the sensational. At his summer residence at Sea Girt he lives in an armed camp, seldom out of earshot of the sounds of his drilling National Guard. Unless he is soon impeached, the "Boy Captain" may yet be seen happily leading his yellow-legs against striking workers in defense of "hallowed property rights."

[*The first part of Mr. Coleman's article, How to Become a Governor, appeared last week.*]

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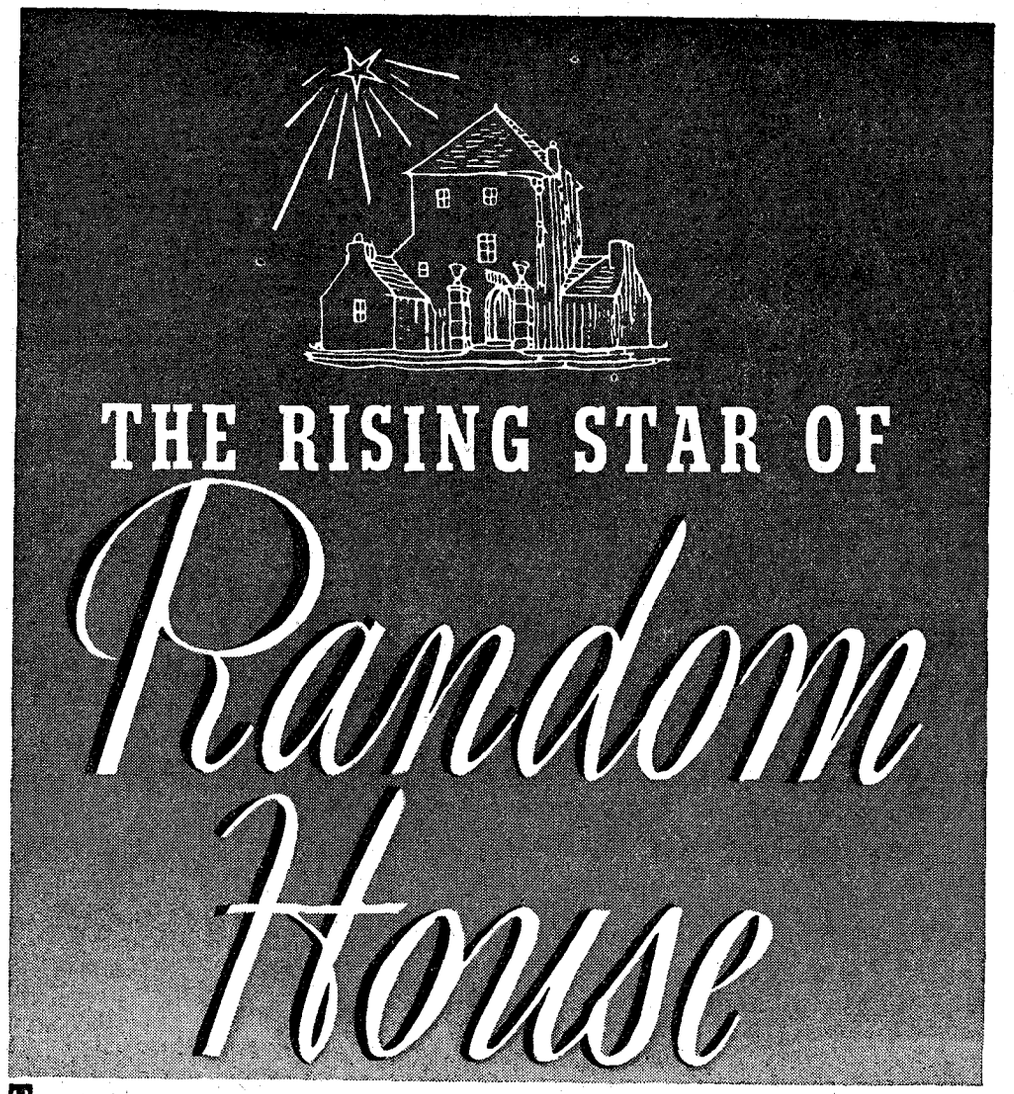

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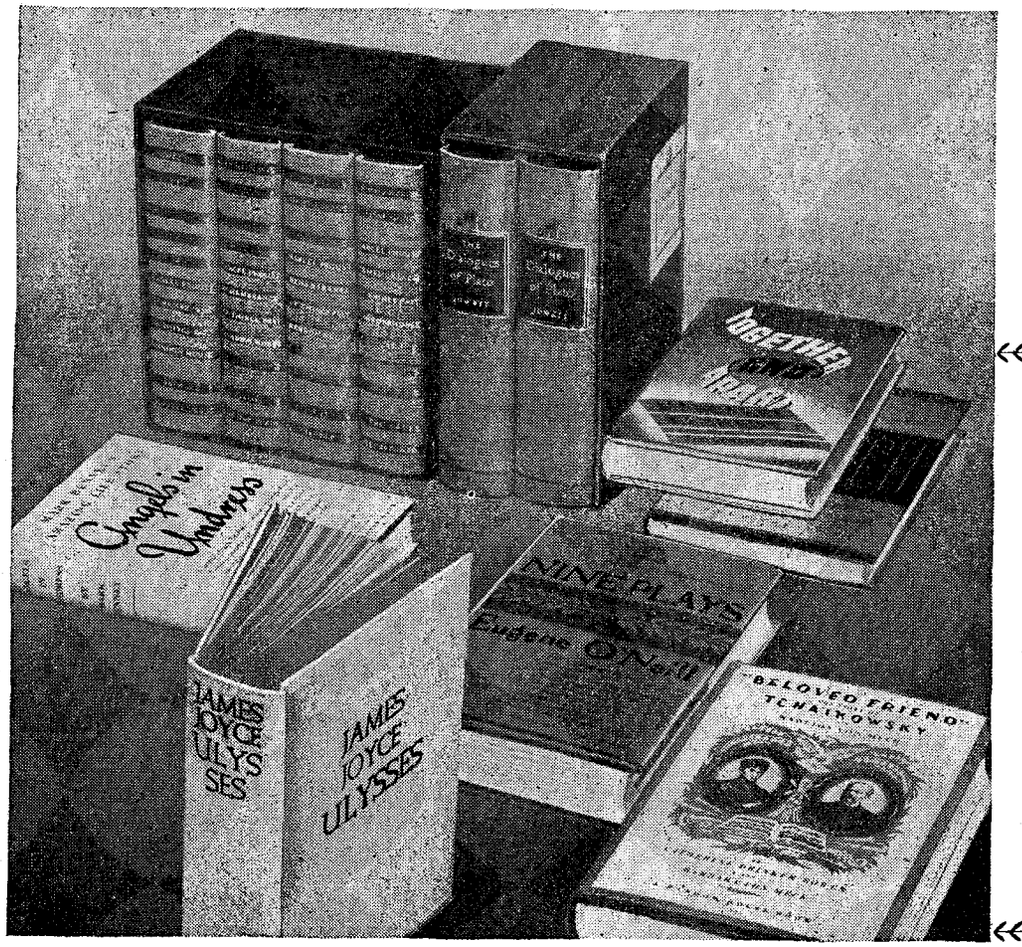

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"Bunkum and Bunting"

"BUNKUM and bunting"—thus Sir Stafford Cripps, the former Labor Party leader, characterized the coronation. I felt jubilant when I read it, for I am one American who is absolutely disgusted with the whole British Coronation. I was born a republican. The son of a man who left a kingdom after having been a rebel at fourteen, I was brought up an absolute republican, and though I have seen kings and queens in many countries, and kaisers too, I have always felt a sense of disgust and shame that some human beings continue to be ruled by men and women for no earthly reason except the accident of birth. Now that the Coronation is over, I want to go on record as protesting against the pages and pages of space given to it by the American press, and against this fresh demonstration, in the rush of Americans to London, of our readiness to toady not only to royalty but to ordinary people with titles attached. "Bunkum and bunting" it has been in London, and pure bunkum on this side of the water, all the more repellant to me because of the utter dulness of the British royal family. I know King George V was greatly beloved by the British people. Why? Because he was an agreeable, dull, and totally unassuming gentleman of the most mediocre attainments, and in him the great British middle class saw their own prototype. He had nothing to do and did that well. He was the embodiment of mid-Victorian respectability, the very opposite of his son and his reprobate father, who would, I fancy, have been run out of most clubs if he had not been royalty.

As for Windsor, why not tell the truth about him? He is a callow, undeveloped, hard-drinking, loose-living man, whose mentality has been at all times years behind that of others of his age. His affair with Mrs. Simpson was a piece of luck for him in that it aroused sympathy among millions and millions of people which he could not otherwise have won. It relieved him from a position which any man of intelligence and ability with a desire really to serve his countrymen would have run away from as fast as he could—the job of being a puppet king, unable to make a radio speech even without asking the kind permission of whoever happened to be Prime Minister. He was unable to visit the distressed areas of his country and express a decent sense of outrage at the horrible conditions he saw without being regarded as a dangerous person who must be still further hedged about by counselors and servitors so as to make it impossible for him again to express any human emotion. To be confined to the routine of opening bazaars and Parliament and signing his name to messages to the House of Commons and House of Lords which he is not even allowed to write would seem to most men of spirit and character like penal servitude for life.

The attitude of our own press toward the Coronation brings up the old question of whether the public demands this sort of news in quantity and the newspapers are merely "giving the public what it wants," or whether the newspapers are seeking to create a sensational or morbidly sentimental interest in British royalty. I certainly don't believe that the offices of the great newspapers in the large cities of the United States have been stormed by mobs of people demanding pages of pictures and a lot more gush about what has been happening in England. I don't believe that five people sat down and wrote to the New York *Times* or *Herald Tribune* demanding, in advance of the Coronation, forty-eight or fifty-four columns of news from London every day. As is usually the case, the newspapers sought to sensationalize a wholly commercialized show. It is not to be denied that a considerable portion of the people of the United States are snobbish or sycophantic in their attitude toward royalty anywhere. But that is nothing new.

I speak as a journalist who has conducted a New York daily newspaper when I say that the American papers and news associations distinctly overplayed the Coronation story, precisely as the *World-Telegram,* to mention only one, tremendously overplayed the recent unexplained murder of an artist's model in New York, leaping to the opportunity to print nude or half-nude pictures of her day after day, not because those pictures related to the daily news of the story, but because the editors had a chance to imitate burlesque and to allow nudity in their columns. At least the *World-Telegram* didn't have the indecency to say that it printed those pages and pages of pictures to meet a public demand for them, that it was only "giving the public what it wants." I do not think that the newspapers overplayed the dreadful Hindenburg disaster at Lakehurst, for that was a most thrilling and moving human tragedy and was of enormous importance from half a dozen points of view.

But as for the Coronation, why, gentlemen of the press, let's be good Americans, let's have some realization that the simple inauguration of a President of the United States is, as Sir Stafford Cripps says, the ceremony that is really impressive and moving, the type of thing England ought to do, instead of giving a medieval commercial show with the poor victim and his wife wearing five-pound crowns and looking unutterably silly in their royal robes, and the hotels and shops coining money out of gaping Americans.

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BROUN'S PAGE

From Pilate's Autobiography

ISCARIOT might have died upon the cross but for the circumstance that he was a coward, and so lived to hang himself. When first he came before me the case against him was not altogether clear. Some Roman soldiers had broken up a meeting where Jewish fanatics were advocating resistance to the government. In such affairs I was usually inclined to be lenient, for Jerusalem knew many factions and it was my theory that no great harm could come out of talk. Indeed, at most of these meetings the orators were inclined to attack their fellow-countrymen rather than the Romans. But soldiers are both patriotic and impulsive. It has been my experience that they become inflamed much more readily than the rest of an audience. Possibly I should have been touched by their loyalty, for it was upon the phrase "Death to Pontius Pilate" that they moved in and dispersed the meeting.

My first idea was to have the speaker scourged and let it go at that. But when I asked him why some sentence should not be pronounced against him, he stood up to me boldly and declared that he was a Jewish patriot and that he expected neither mercy nor justice in a Roman court. At this point a captain of the guard stepped up to me and whispered in my ear, "This fellow is dangerous, for he speaks our tongue as well as any Roman. He has even dared to approach our soldiers. The crucifixion of one such might save the lives of many others. Let him die for the sins of his people."

As a soldier I am not squeamish about death, and yet it is a clumsy way of solving any problem. I have never liked it much to see any man die when his talents, be they vices or virtues, could be put to some useful purpose. I decided, therefore, to try the temper of this prisoner Iscariot, because already I had a strong suspicion that I might bend him to my will. And so I said, "Judas Iscariot, you are hereby sentenced to be scourged and then taken to the hill called Calvary—." No sooner had I pronounced the word "scourged" than the fellow turned ghastly pale, and before I could complete the verdict he had fallen into a swoon. I knew then that I could make him my tool and servant, for he was a coward.

When he fell into a swoon I had two soldiers carry him into an inner room. When his wits returned we were alone. "Iscariot," I said, "you did not hear me out. I gave the verdict that you should first be scourged and then crucified because you seek to overthrow the Roman rule."

His voice was less firm than before but he answered, "I seek to destroy the Roman rule. You have said it."

"Iscariot," I replied, "nails through your hands and nails through your feet, and there to hang while the thirst rips you in the strong sun and after the night has fallen. You are a strong man and it will be many hours before your agony has ended. Nails through your hands, Iscariot, and nails through your feet."

He writhed as if already the pain had begun to grip him, and he replied no louder than a whisper, "Then I must die for the Jewish people."

"But," I reminded him, "the servant of Caesar can be merciful as well as stern. You have only to say the word and I will spare you from the cross or any painful indignity."

"The word?" he muttered.

"It need not even be a word," I said. "You have only to nod your head and I will spare you the agony of Calvary. What I want is to have you serve me according to my directions."

"To be a spy?" asked Iscariot, and now his voice was firmer. "That would be against my heart and spirit. Whip me now and crucify me and let's have done with it. I die for my people."

"Not so fast," I interrupted. "You know, Iscariot, it will not be as fast as all that. Nails through your hands and nails through your feet. Nor have I asked you to serve as a spy. You know and I know that some of the fiercest accusations which you bring are not against the Romans but against other sects in Jerusalem. Who are these people for whom you are prepared to die?"

He answered that it was one thing for a Jew to fight against other Jews but wholly different if he should aid a Roman in seizing even those whom he, Iscariot, bitterly despised.

"I understand the point," I explained, "but you are a man of intelligence, and certainly it would be silly for you to say that you are prepared to die, and die in agony, for your enemies. That is madness."

"I have no stomach for crucifixion," I told him, "and if I have made its actualities seem real to you, I myself have come almost to feel the nails in my palms. It is not the way out for men of spirit, and here is my offer. And mark you, it is my last one. I pledge you that I will not require you to inform ever of anything concerning your present associates. You will not be pressed to betray your friends. All I ask is that you shall bring full and fair reports of the sayings and the doings of all so-called prophets and teachers and holy men who may gain a following here or in Galilee, for what begins in Galilee must ever end in Jerusalem. If this little thing you will do, then I shall spare your life and speak no more of nails through the hands and nails through the feet."

Iscariot sat for a long time and said no word, but he was greatly troubled. And at last he looked up and spoke not then, but he nodded his head. And so the bargain which was more momentous than either of us supposed was sealed for all eternity. Just the nod of a head.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

FREEDOM AND MR. MINSKY

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WITH a certain sense of shame I confess that the fate of the burlesque show itself does not interest me greatly. Theoretically I am all for ribaldry and Rabelaisianism, and if I had ever seen a performance which actually resembled what some manly critics think they remember when they go into raptures over the idea of burlesque, I should probably be as enthusiastic as they. The fact remains, nevertheless, that when I have dutifully visited its temples in Irving Place and Fourteenth Street as well as in Times Square, I have never seen anything which was not pretty dismal and—though something may be said for the strip-tease—exasperatingly anaphrodisiac. Invariably the audience has impressed me more than the show itself, and invariably it has depressed me more as well. I do not like to realize that there are men whose home life—if I may thus euphemistically put it—is so dull that performances as unimaginative as these seem glamorous. And though it has been recognized since the time of Aristotle that the soul needs cathartics, it is distressing to think that anyone should find salubrious such veterinary doses as the burlesque show administers.

Despite all this I doubt that those responsible for closing the theaters have performed a public service as important as they seem to think; and when a cardinal speaks tremendously of "the wave of filth which is overwhelming us" he is being more dramatic than truthful. The serious fact, if there is one, is not that burlesque shows exist but that there are human beings who find in them the entertainment most suited to their needs; and these human beings are not going to be greatly improved by finding the box offices closed. Am I my brother's keeper? If the answer is yes, then those who make it have not discharged their responsibility when they have done no more than deprive "their brother" of his mean pleasures, and the cardinal and rabbi who unite to congratulate themselves publicly on what they have accomplished are dangerously smug.

They are also dangerous in a more tangible way, for the immediate result of their agitation has been the passage by the state legislature of the Dunnigan bill, which specifically empowers the Commissioner of Licenses to revoke the license of any theater housing a play which in his opinion is immoral. At present it is doubtful if the commissioner was within his rights in closing the burlesque theaters without a legal trial, but if Governor Lehman should sign the Dunnigan bill any commissioner of licenses would immediately become an arbitrary individual censor of all dramatic performances and a one-man dictator of the theater. Quite obviously the possibilities of abuse inherent in any such situation are almost limitless, and there would be nothing on earth to prevent the establishment of a censorship of the theater as rigid and as insane as that of Nazi Germany. Again and again it has been shown that the only way to exercise any control over the theater without establishing a censorship is by means of laws, like those at present existing, which make the question of obscenity one to be determined by a court trial; and if the crusaders against burlesque are sincere in protesting that they have no desire to do more than clean up obvious filth, they will support the representatives of all branches of the theater who have already urged Governor Lehman to veto the Dunnigan bill.

Even if the burlesque shows were ten times worse than they actually are, the fact would be no excuse either for exercising extra-legal power against them or for creating laws which obviously lend themselves to abuse. The question is not whether they deserve to survive or whether Commissioner Moss happens to be, personally, a man who can be trusted. In the first place, he will have successors, and, in the second place, there could be nothing more repugnant to the idea of democracy than the proposal to invest an individual with power to set up his own personal standard of propriety as the law governing theatrical performances. To defend an abuse of power on the ground that it was exercised in a good cause is monstrous, and it would logically lead, among other things, to the defense of lynch law whenever the victim happened to be guilty.

Nor am I among those who hold that arbitrary suppression of the abuses of freedom actually serves to protect the legitimate exercise of it. Certainly no one could maintain that the Dunnigan bill protects anyone's liberty, and it is in general true that no liberty is really secure unless it is broad enough to permit a certain margin of abuse. The fact is usually recognized in our laws. No one has yet devised a code governing the conduct of the press which could guarantee its freedom without permitting the excesses of yellow journalism, and it is doubtful if any such code could be drawn. You cannot give freedom to truth without giving a certain latitude to error, and the attempt to distinguish too precisely between liberty and license always means that liberty itself is infringed. What is true in general is as conspicuously true where the theater or any other form of artistic expression is concerned. There is no more reason for allowing one man to decide what a theater may or may not present than there would be for allowing one man to decide what a newspaper may print. The line between frankness and obscenity or between the free discussion of existing institutions and mere dema-

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goguery is a wavering, indistinct line which no law can draw precisely, and it is better that a few lies should be told than that any truths should be suppressed. It is not by a few tolerable abuses that liberty is endangered. It may be surrounded by an area in which abuse is possible, but that area serves to protect not to endanger. It is the margin of safety—even if the Minsky brothers are squatters there.

BOOKS

Blundering into War

NEUTRALITY FOR THE UNITED STATES. Edwin Borchard and William Potter Lage. Yale University Press. $3.50.

THE distinguished authors are certain that it was stupidity about legal matters and naivete about world affairs which forced us into the World War. They think that there is great hope of staying out of another war if we keep our lawbooks dusted and our emotions under control. While there is no formula offered for staying out, the hope for it is a sturdy insistence upon our neutral rights, as in the days of 1793, coupled with objuration of the temptation to sit in judgment on foreign nations and of the credulous belief that wars diminish the essential causes of war. A really bright Secretary of State would help, we gather, and a neutral President.

This book is the best detailed description available of our legal blundering during the years 1914-17. It is written with some fervor, some contempt, some mild bitterness toward international-law colleagues and others who have apparently been engaged in twisting international law into a hybrid moral and legal obligation upon us to take sides in all world affairs. Theirs are profane, if not amateur, hands laid on the ark of the pre-covenant law.

A believer in international law has a hard time these days. Comes the legislator pragmatically and says neither side observed international law when the World War became desperate, so why trust to it to protect us next time? Lady Godiva rode in mailed armor compared to the protection given a neutral nation by a non-obeyed international law. In response appears Judge John Bassett Moore, dean of the profession, and tells the legislators that "it is a maxim of the common law that in the midst of arms the laws are silent (*inter arma leges silent*), but this does not mean that the laws cease to exist." They do not really function in war time, but although they sleep, they are still there, so beware! To the legislator this seems like a touchdown for his side and a devastating admission of general uselessness and incapacity around the village firehouse.

Professor Borchard, however, thinks international law, which might have saved us, did not have a chance from 1914 to 1917. We were unneutral almost from the start, and on top of that committed a series of gratuitous legal blunders which grew like young giants in their importance. Later, when we tried to disown one of them, the armed-merchantman controversy which led to the story that "the submarines got us into the war," a vested political interest in it had grown up which our State Department could not oppose. The combina-

SEX PRACTICE in MARRIAGE

by C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School — Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch. M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England.

Illustrations by Robert L. Dickinson, M.D., F.A.C.S. —Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital.

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tion of the general atmosphere of unneutrality plus the legal blundering in and out of season doomed us.

He cites our success in staying out of the Anglo-French war in 1792 by insisting upon our neutral rights to a certain extent. True, we got into it in 1812, but only after twenty years, and our entry was not due so much to interference with our neutral rights, specifically impressment of our sailors, as to the growth of the "War Hawk" party which looked with loving eyes toward Canada and Florida. There was no other major naval war until 1914.

Came 1914 and we "fumbled" all over the field, dropping the ball right in front of our opponents on every play. "Our unneutrality began as early as 1914." We threw away the international law on blockades by admitting the idea that if Great Britain was really hard pressed she had a right to do anything. Later, under international law we had no business submitting to the black list. Even Canada would not follow our course and submit on that. "Subservient" is a word the authors use often.

The largest legal oversight came early in 1914 when we neglected to warn American passengers off belligerent munitions ships. From that little oversight came the offspring claim that American citizens had a right to risk the peace of their country on alien ships legally subject to attack. Ambassador Gerard asked, "Why should we enter a great war because . . . Americans may be hired to protect by their presence cargoes of ammunition?" Walter Millis has more recently retold the Lusitania story in a way which suggests to shocked readers that Great Britain was only drawing the ultimate diplomatic advantage out of that oversight when the ship slowed down in front of the German submarine which sank it.

The largest legal mistake came early in 1914 when we allowed armed British merchantmen the free use of our ports. That mistake became more important with the appearance of the submarine in 1915. Professor Borchard holds: "It may truthfully be said that American intervention in the European war was largely induced by the attempt of the Wilson Administration to maintain not only the privilege of British merchantmen to arm but to use their arms against submarines, while yet enjoying immunity from submarine attack because the merchantman had American citizens among her passengers and crew." Once our State Department had gone off the deep end on that claim, the claim became a fundamental American "right," and the honor and self-respect of the nation were involved in its defense.

Oddly enough, we had what is rarely given, the chance to pull back from the one-sided consequences of this legal error. Early in 1916 Lansing realized that we had no business protecting armed belligerent merchant ships, and proposed a new deal whereby the Allies would disarm their merchant ships and the Germans would stop and search them and remove passengers and crew before sinking them. This seemed to Lansing and Wilson a "reasonable and reciprocally just" *modus vivendi*. Why did we not insist upon it? Clearly it would have avoided the continuation of the submarine controversy, for lack of which we might not have entered the war. Professor Borchard answers that a "vested political interest" in our earlier position had grown up which was too strong for the Administration. Professor Seymour's "American Neutrality, 1914-1917" (1935) utterly ignored the fact that we had for a month or so completely admitted the unreasonableness of our own sacred rights. Neither of these treatments seems to recognize the important pull of the several billion dollars of war money which would have been

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jeopardized by the change. Perhaps our universities have still to educate their professors to realize the part money plays in our village, or why prominent names get on preferred lists.

Legal blunders it may be possible to avoid, but how does one avoid partisanship when all one's money is on one horse? And what is international law among friends?

Naivete about world affairs is, according to the authors, a greater danger to our peace and neutrality than it was in 1914. They have some stinging things to say about discriminatory and discretionary neutrality, world cooperation, crusaders "bearing fire and brimstone in one hand and sweet-scented lavender in the other," and "the preposterous career" of world wars for peace, democracy, and a new order.

While these last subjects are somewhat curtly treated, this is a heat-provoking book and a decided addition to the revaluation of America's great adventure.

STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH

For an Investors' Union

FALSE SECURITY: THE BETRAYAL OF THE AMERICAN INVESTOR. By Bernard J. Reis. With an Introduction by John T. Flynn. Equinox Cooperative Press. $2.75.

MR. REIS'S book is an anatomy of grand larceny as practiced by the better classes. He begins it with a sentence of devastating restraint. "Simply stated," he says, "honesty plays little part in American business." Mr. Reis is both a lawyer and a certified public accountant, and has thus been professionally trained to evade laws and misrepresent balance sheets. But he happens to be one of those queer souls who—no doubt through some glandular derangement—prefer to spend their brief light tilting with the windmills rather than in the service of our corporate Fagins. He places the peculiar knowledge of his two peculiar professions at the disposal of the small investor.

The ordinary well-informed reader will find himself superficially familiar with the subjects that Mr. Reis discusses: the diffusion of corporate ownership and the useful role this diffusion plays in concentrating corporate control; the guaranteed-mortgage scandals; the story of foreign-bond financing; the investment trust; the collapse of real-estate bonds; the trustee, and how little he deserves to be trusted; the reorganization racket, "Reshearing Shorn Lambs"; 77B, the answer to Wall Street's prayer; the certified reports of certified public accountants; the corporate jugglings of Mr. Hearst; and the feebleness of the SEC.

Unfortunately revelation has followed revelation and investigation has followed investigation with such rapidity in the past few years that they have tended to cancel each other. The public and the journalists who chew its cud have hardly had time to digest one sensation before it was succeeded by another. Mr. Reis, by his careful presentation and analysis, brings into view many things that were not immediately apparent in the headlines. He supplies a useful source book in finance, corporation law, accounting—and ethics.

The position of the investor, as shown by Mr. Reis, is incredibly insecure. The reports he gets from the corporation of which he is an "owner" are usually written to be as uninformative as possible. The great banking institutions that act as trustees of his bonds are rarely trustworthy. The courts to which he must appeal against wrong, if he can afford to hire lawyers and accountants, are almost never realistic in

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their approach to the problems of the financial market; there God is on the side of the biggest law firms. In reorganization he is at the mercy of the insiders, bankers and management; and the latest device set up to protect his interests, the SEC, grows more flabby every day under pressure from the Wall Street crowd.

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ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

Literary Choreography

DANCE OF THE QUICK AND THE DEAD, AN ENTERTAINMENT OF THE IMAGINATION. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.25.

THE problem that presented itself to the author here, as he explains at the outset, was "how to give vitality to the past while combining it with what an experimental writer of our time has called 'the continuous present.'" What first engages the reader, however, is not the subject of the author's discourse but his crystal style, now clear as glass, now quivering with all the colors a fountain displays in sunlight, now clouded as though by the rousing of some inchoate genie. It is a style that Walter Pater might have shaped and would certainly have admired, but, as Mr. Sitwell appreciates, at this period of history such a jewel is worn with a difference. The difference, which one feels more sharply as one moves toward the closing pages, darkened as these are by a kind of eschatological terror, is that even a man as fortunately situated as Sacheverell Sitwell cannot escape from the immediate horrors of contemporary life. He may care to offer us no more than "an entertainment of the imagination," unconcerned as to whether our response will take any form but delighted applause or a mute shrinking from the spectacle. But his imaginings are haunted. A sinister shadow obtrudes upon the liveliest and most gracious movements of the dancers. At the happiest moments one feels a macabre jerking of the bones. Here is a dance of the quick and the dead. But often it is the ghosts who rejoice us, while those who jostle us on the streets are specters drawing us toward the charnel-house.

It is obvious that Mr. Sitwell is a poet rather than a thinker. This, in spite of the fact that his opening chapter abounds in ideas which could be enlarged upon or profitably debated, such as that since "the State, the Aristocrat, and the Priest are no longer in exercise of their functions," it is "upon the efforts of the individual" that "all our reliance for the future must rest." But though he throws out suggestive notions, he is never polemical, and it is plain that he does not seek to persuade us to act but rather to induce us to feel. It may be argued that the awareness which comes with an enlargement of our sympathies leads ultimately to action, that new styles of architecture are dependent upon a change of

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heart. But this is the reader's affair. Mr. Sitwell is content merely to set the scene and direct the ballet.

With an ease that seems peculiar to this century—one thinks of Pound and Joyce and Virginia Woolf as among our more accomplished trapeze artists—he swings across centuries and continents, diving among the gin-drinkers of the Victorian London slums and resting—is it only a moment later?—on the brink of a lily tank beside the golden girls, naked but for the cassia flowers at their ears, whose dalliance furnishes the diversion of an Indian king. The illustrations which punctuate and define the text are eloquent of the freedom with which the poet moves from one civilization to another, choosing always some pregnant symbol to arrest the fancy, like a living statue that at a signal may take another attitude or drop its pose and walk away. Pages from Cruikshank's "Comic Almanack" are followed by reproductions of paintings by Brueghel and his awful master, Hieronymus Bosch. Doré and Daumier are companioned by Watteau and Gavarni. Numerous plates from a grim work on the criminal prisons of London are relieved by an Ajanta wall-painting or the figure of a pretty woman in fancy dress, and these are flanked by terrifying pictures of the Moa, a giant bird of New Zealand, now all but extinct. All afford themes for the play of the author's imagination. All make for the rich variety and the grotesque contrasts of the world he evokes.

As one reads, one feels that one is in the presence of the highly civilized man whom Clive Bell, in his essay on Civilization, delighted to praise: one "willing at any moment to follow intellect into the oddest holes and corners, while his instinctive reaction to life will be ever conditioned by taste." Yet perhaps Mr. Sitwell is too much the poet to answer wholly to Clive Bell's description of this phenomenon. He is not merely the appreciator. Freely roam though he can, and does, through the manifold realms that excite the interest of a cultivated intelligence, he must pause to brood over some particular manifestation of loveliness or ugliness. He has intensities that are foreign to the highly civilized. He is, moreover, obsessed by a harrowing sense of time, and by the almost equally harrowing consciousness, present to every sensitive contemporary, of an increasing vulgarity, an encroaching debasement of values.

Implicit in these pages is the reminder that art is man's strongest bulwark against the tide of the centuries. The book itself is proof that the artist, the poet, by the power of imagination helps his fellows to know the quick from the dead, moves his fellows to join in the dance of life.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Anti-Metaphysical Philosophy

THE LOGICAL SYNTAX OF LANGUAGE. By Rudolph Carnap. Translated from the German by Amethe Smeaton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $7.50.

AN EXAMINATION OF LOGICAL POSITIVISM. By Julius Rudolph Weinberg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

THE publication of Mr. Weinberg's book and of the translation of Professor Carnap's famous work marks another milestone in the progress of what is undoubtedly the most vigorous movement in contemporary philosophy. In a few years logical positivism has swept the philosophical world and threatened the main traditions of Western philosophy by attempting to demonstrate through a logical

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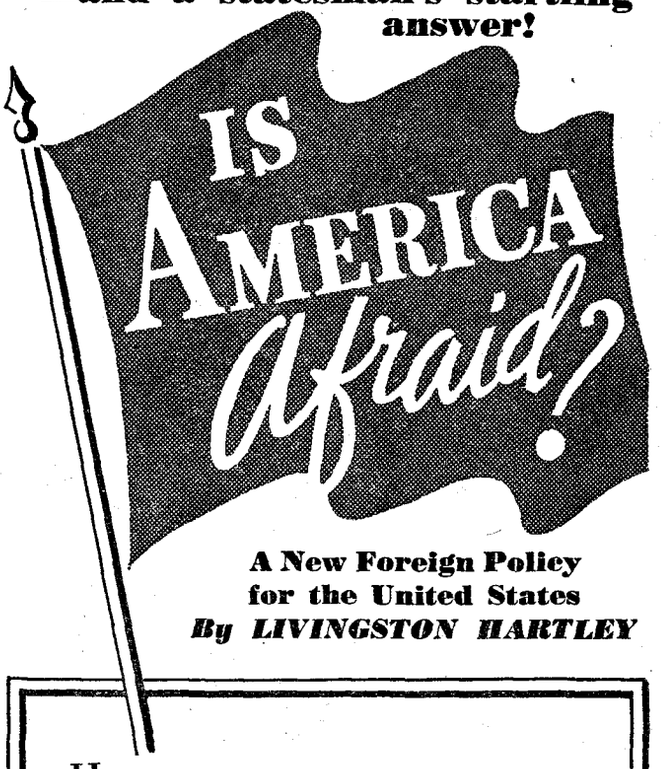

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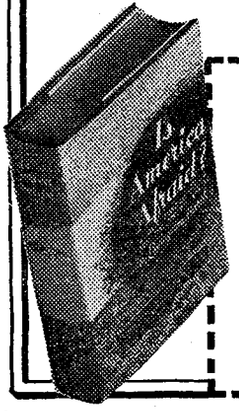

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analysis of language that metaphysics is sheer nonsense. But the iconoclasm of this movement, for which it is notorious, is by no means its only aspect. On the constructive side the movement has sought to bring about the "unification of the sciences" by showing that all scientific statements are ultimately of a physical nature. This is what is termed "physicalism." This doctrine does not mean, however, that all events are to be explained in terms of the laws of what we now call physics. It means that all the sciences are language constructions which refer ultimately to data determined in spatio-temporal terms.

In one sense the thesis of the unity of science is not new, since we have long known that the various sciences are guided by the same method. But in another sense it is, for it includes the task of constructing a universal language into which the statements of all the sciences can be translated. And it is toward this end that the efforts of Professor Carnap's volume are addressed. When this task shall have been accomplished, the claim is made, the barriers which now exist between the various sciences will break down. As a consequence so-called irreducible concepts like "life" and "mind" will be shown to refer fundamentally to the same subject matter as that of physics.

Is this not disguised materialism? The logical positivists answer that materialism is a metaphysical doctrine which pretends to tell us about the nature of reality, while their own interest is focused only on the statements made by science. Thus it is not for them a question of reality but of the kind of subject matter that is admitted into scientific discourse.

How successful Professor Carnap's efforts have been is something on which the reviewer is not competent to pass judgment. But this much may be asserted by anyone—no language as yet invented has permitted the translation into physical terms of a vast range of data which are legitimate objects of human curiosity. There are of course no a priori grounds on which to disprove the pious hope that all significant statements will some day be reduced to those of some future physical language. But the positivists have intolerantly disposed of a good many fields which have not yet admitted of such translation by ruling them out as nonsense. Even if it could be shown that some of these problems, such as the problems of value, are nonsense, this would only prove that some nonsense is of high importance. And if the positivists, in the exercise of a right no one will deny them, insist on ruling these problems from the range of their interests, these problems will nevertheless deserve the attention of some of the best minds of any age. Another criticism is also here in point. While scientists seem little worried about the unity of the sciences, they have been carrying out the process of unification through the merging of fields of research rather than by drawing up royal schemes. Now if the enterprise of the logical positivists is of no practical value to the scientists, what objective value has it? This criticism does not apply, of course, to the destructive side of the movement. Here, while it may not have shown everybody that all metaphysics is nonsense, logical positivism will end by making some metaphysicians, at least, considerably more cautious about the kind and quality of the nonsense they indulge in.

Mr. Weinberg's book, it should be noted, is not an introduction but a critical exegesis presupposing some knowledge of the doctrine criticized. But those not adverse to a little hard work will find the book eminently well worth reading.

ELISEO VIVAS

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Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait

DEAR THEO: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. Edited by Irving Stone. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

MR. STONE and his publishers have done the reading public a considerable service by producing this compendious and inexpensive single volume. There are no important omissions, and as Mr. Stone has edited the letters they form a continuous autobiographical document which will undoubtedly take its place among the self-exploratory records of great artists. In Vincent Van Gogh there was something of the saint, or more precisely of the martyr, as well as of the artist. He strikes one at times as a queer compound of Rembrandt Van Ryn, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and D. H. Lawrence, with a dash, too, of a sort of tormented St. Francis of Assisi.

His life was one of almost intolerable poverty and desperate loneliness. Night after night he poured out these letters to his brother Theo, who, despite intervals of discouragement and despair, had faith in Vincent and loved him—loved him and therefore had faith in him. Every sentence is marked by the intense moral purpose of the writer, and by the tragic desperation of a struggle for mere existence in a society which had repudiated every value upon which the artist subsists. The neat little, tight little bourgeois world of the late nineteenth century simply didn't want persons like Vincent Van Gogh to survive. Instead of being happy in his art, he was forced to become a martyr to it. "All I ask," he says at one terrible moment, "all I ask in painting is a way of escaping from life." It seemed to him that his successful contemporaries had, in his own phrase, "cauterized certain nerves within them."

It was the age, in Zola's language, of *le triomphe de la médiocrité.* "Moral grandeur diminishes; material grandeur comes in its stead." The future of art seemed to lie out of the Western world, in the tropics whither Gauguin had fled, or anywhere away from "the boredom of civilization." With wonderful insight and simplicity Van Gogh states the dilemma in which the harassed artist has found himself since the Industrial Revolution: "One wants to be an honest man; one is so, one works hard; but still one cannot make both ends meet; one must give up the work, there is no chance of carrying it out without spending on it more than one gets back. . . . One cannot present oneself as somebody who comes to propose a good business or who has a plan which will bring great profit. On the contrary, it will end with a deficit, and still one feels a power surging within; one has work to do and it must be done." The book is crammed with truth, and not only the sad truths but the happier ones also, the passionate observations of one to whom each day brought further mastery and intenser vision. Some of the descriptive passages in these letters are as vivid as Van Gogh's own paintings. "Doctor Gachet with the heart-broken expression of our time"; or a typical landscape: "the immeasurable plain with cornfields against the hills, immense as a sea, delicate yellow, delicate soft green, delicate soft violet of a plowed and weeded piece of soil, regularly checkered by the green of flowering potato plants, everything under a sky with delicate blue, white, pink, violet tones." But one could quote from every page, every paragraph.

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MICHAEL SAYERS

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CURRENT HISTORY

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FILMS

Another Madman

"NIGHT MUST FALL" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) runs parallel at many points to "Love from a Stranger," whose failure to hold its audience I noticed two weeks ago. But if Basil Rathbone's overacting was the cause of that failure, an equivalent defect does not appear in the acting of Robert Montgomery. I am disposed to blame the failure of "Night Must Fall" upon an audience which could not understand it. The people around me at the Capitol were in the first place unable to conquer their disappointment in Mr. Montgomery because he had refused to give them another insipid role; and in the second place they were obviously incapable of liking the particular effect of which by some miracle he was so much the master. This effect returns me to the theme of horror, a theme which the American movie public finds quite palatable as long as there is no subtlety in the handling—in racket pictures, for instance, and in the G-men messes where someone is knocked over the head or drilled full of bullets every three minutes by the director's stopwatch. When, that is to say, the horror is physical. But in "Night Must Fall" it is psychological, long delayed, and presented to us through a personality nine-tenths of which is as charming as ever it was. So the people around me kept fidgeting in their seats and wondering when Mr. Montgomery would uncover the remaining 10 per cent of his cuteness; and when he did not, but turned it rather into something really sinister, they got up and went home.

They had counted on this bewitching murderer to come through with the revelation that he was the Irish darling most of his victims thought him to be. The revelation they missed was more valuable, for it was nothing less than that Mr. Montgomery is an actor after all. For the first time in my memory he consented to turn his face full at the camera; it is not so attractive that way, though as he manipulated it the other evening it was at least twice as powerful. Mr. Montgomery had studied his part with genuine intelligence. He had noted the precise degree to which it overlapped his previous parts, and had employed his old tricks up to that point; but beyond it he had set to work at something so good in itself as to shed a certain beam of superiority back over the whole. He was both convincing and absorbing.

"The Last Night" (Amkino) is the newest Russian film to deal with events on the eve of the October Revolution. It does so by the device of showing us two representative Moscow families, one rich and one poor—or, more significantly, one the family of a manufacturer and the other the family of a worker. The manufacturer is stuffily conceived, but his light-minded daughter who flirts indiscriminately with reds and whites rings somehow very true; and the family of Zakharkin the worker is without exception interesting, although no member of it steps out of the convention thus far established.

"The Prince and the Pauper" (Warner Brothers) has been released, naturally enough, on the eve of George VI's coronation; for it tells Mark Twain's story of the young Edward VI and of how a beggar boy came near to being crowned in his place. The picture is not important, but it is momentarily exciting; and the Mauch twins who play the title roles are more than passable. Good enough for Coronation week.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

Who Wouldn't Strike?

Dear Sirs: As frequent visitors and part-time residents in one of the most notoriously backward open-shop communities in America, it has been our good fortune to become associated with an intensely dramatic and significant "labor disturbance." Out of the 1,100 employees of the Firth Carpet Company at Firthcliffs (just outside of Newburgh) 1,050 walked out last week under the leadership of the C. I. O.'s Textile Workers' Organizing Committee. Axminster weavers in the United States average over $30 a week, but at Firthcliffe the best paid were making $20. Unskilled labor was paid as little as $11; everybody worked over forty hours a week and not a few averaged twelve hours a day six days a week; twenty minutes out for lunch was the maximum.

So labor-hating are the city and its one newspaper that it has been impossible to rally any citizens' support or get a column of even neutral publicity. The owner of the plant, a patent violator of the Wagner Act, is Lord Askroyd. He is said to be in England attending the coronation. His huge daily advertisements in the local paper cunningly lay the blame on "outside agitators," "undesirable characters," and "communistic influences." The courage and militancy of the strikers have been magnificent, and the picketing has been uniformly peaceful and disciplined. "Violence" occurred Tuesday when scabs tried to drive through the picket line and ran down a deputy sheriff. The sheriff was so mad he gave the driver a ticket and told him never to come back. Yet the workers continue to be represented as a bloodthirsty, atheistic, and lawless mob.

The company is taking steps to organize a vigilante committee. No decent, humane citizen of Newburgh or Cornwall would join it if he understood the real situation. We hope that everyone within a radius of twenty miles who reads this letter will communicate with us immediately at Hemlock Glen, Grand Avenue, Newburgh. The strikers must have support. Anonymity will be scrupulously preserved if you desire it. But act *at once*.

DWIGHT MACDONALD
SELDEN RODMAN

Newburgh, N. Y., May 13

The Nation as Tyrant

Dear Sirs: You approve of the Wagner Labor Act. I wonder how you'd like exclusive majority bargaining and the closed shop for newspaper and periodical publishing and writing, with no rights for individual papers and suppression for non-members—no employment, no work. The fact is *The Nation* and *New Republic* have become very obedient organs of tyranny and terrorism. As for enlightment and culture they are secondary in your activity.

CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN

Lakewood, Ohio, April 22

[*As far as* The Nation *is concerned, the closed shop begins at home. Its editorial department is organized as a unit of the American Newspaper Guild. It has a closed-shop contract with the Bookkeepers, Stenographers, and Accountants Union which covers all other departments.*]

Right to a Job

Dear Sirs: Does a group industrially unionized possess a legal right to a permanent job in a business corporation? As no such right appears discernible where the business is unincorporated, any such right must flow from some definite and special feature of a corporation itself.

Such a feature exists; it is that of limited personal liability. The owner of a business, liable personally to his last cent for its debts, incorporates his concern and his personal liability vanishes. But rights imply correlative duties.

From the feature of limited liability a principle has emerged which has become one of the main bases of corporate jurisprudence. This principle is that the corporation is not the embodiment of a debt-free owner but is to be deemed a separate legal entity, operated for its own sake. But if the good of the corporation itself be paramount, each section of those connected with the corporation —directors, executives, manual and clerical workers, technicians, salesmen, stockholders—may be presumed to possess the rights and duties consonant to the vital needs of the corporation. Stockholders, or their predecessors, contributed necessary funds to the corporation; the workers contribute, each day, the necessary work. Each receives a recompense: dividends to the stockholders, wages to the worker. But so likewise, it may be argued, should each have his stake in the corporation: his shares to the shareholder, permanency of job to the worker. That the courts have already implicitly allowed a "colorable claim" to exist to such vested right appears from the facts that to strike, to unionize, and to picket are conceded to be lawful.

The question arises: Should control of a corporation lodge in the hands of those now called by that term—or should it be shared by them with the entirety of the workers? Answer this question in the affirmative and the right of the worker in such circumstances to his job is also conceded.

FREDERIC DREW BOND

Winsted, Conn., May 3

CONTRIBUTORS

MAXWELL S. STEWART has just published a new book entitled "Social Security."

DWIGHT MACDONALD was a member of the editorial staff of *Fortune* from March, 1929, until June, 1936.

HAROLD J. LASKI is professor of political science at the University of London and influential in British labor circles.

McALISTER COLEMAN is the head of the information bureau of the Utility Users' Protective League of New Jersey.

STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH was in charge of preparing the material for the Senate Munitions Investigation Committee and acted as counsel for the committee during the hearings.

ISIDOR FEINSTEIN, an editor of the New York *Post*, is the author of "The Court Disposes," published this week.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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